

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

I wonder where she is to-night—
The girl I didn't wed;
I wonder if a thought of me
E'er penetrates her head.
I wonder if she's sorry now
We had our little spat,
The night she gave me back the
ring

And turned and left me flat.

I wonder if she reads my stuff
And says "I knew him when,"
Or does she think as others do,
My home should be the pen?
I wonder if she feels she made
My life an awful botch,
But what I wonder most just now
Is where to get some Scotch.

OBSERVATIONS.

Mische Elman is to marry. However, he will remain master—of the violin.

The Oser-McCormick wedding is now scheduled for next April. Probably April 1!

We notice by The Evening World of Saturday that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Derby sailed for Europe on a ship named *Etacinetacinetacine*. Evidently it is a P. Line boat.

We take off our hats to Yale. Any Eastern team that can lose a football game to a lot of husky Westerners by a score of only 6 to 0 is some team.

MAMIE AND THE MUDHOLE.

(The Bookishelmer Press, believing this story will be one of the six best smelters, will publish it in book form.)

Mamie McTwigg didn't believe in murder. Never in her whole life had she killed a human being, as she was not a girl who enjoyed crime. It therefore was a source of much worry to her when Street Commissioner Doggie became incensed at her wife and told her to go slap a toad. Imagine a society woman slapping a toad! Usually they are very austere, and Mamie was aware of this, having attended many social gatherings.

However, she knew Mrs. Doggie was a rough lady and she feared she might pick up a rock and slam the Commissioner with it. Would this occur? Mamie decided to wait and see.

"Oh, you hush up, Doggie!" Thus Mrs. Doggie replied.

The danger seemed past. Jepp Coogan, the tension relieved, began to whistle "The Cuss With the Custard Pie." The Prince was somewhat classical. He frowned.

"Quit that, Coogan!" That was what Prince Soakli said. Then he added:

"My blood is blue." Mamie turned and ran into the house. Five minutes later she was at her desk writing a "What Did You See" tale in the hope that her close friendship for Senator McQuaid would win her a Ford. You see, she had a desire to take a certain man out

POEMS OF PREFERENCE

Sadye Anderson of downtown Manhattan is out to win the celluloid icicle-twister, the prize in this contest. At the same time Sadye wants a husband and she says as much in the following rhyme:

I want a man this season
With a gifted mind and bold,
Who'll only live by reason
And not alone for gold.

Now he must always love me
With a spirit good and fine,
He must be ideal and happy,
Illustrious, industrious, divine.

A dandy chap who's fair,
Who'll charm my cares away
With a smile and graceful air
And make life bright and gay.

driving. But her story was almost as awful as this one.

Frankly, it all seemed so absurd.

(To Be Continued.)

Wonder Where Billy Was!
The Art League met Thursday at the home of Mrs. William Gost—Wellsville Optic.

Advice.

Louis Siegel, who lives in Harlem, thinks everybody should smile and keep a-plugging when he starts anything. Last Friday he wrote a poem on the subject. Try this over on the trombone of your soul:

In trying to attain success
Be persistent, son.
If you are seeking happiness
Be persistent, son.
No matter if in quest of fame,
Affection of some haughty dame,
The formula is just the same,
Be persistent, son.

Success is his who grimly strives
Be persistent, son.
In spite of all, that man "arrives,"
Be persistent, son.
No matter if the goal in sight
Is one of brains or one of might,
It goes to him who dares to fight,
Be persistent, son.

NUTS DOPE.

"Dear Dad," writes Jefferson Shrewsbury Nutt from New Jersey, "I and the wife are over here in New Brunswick investigating the Elwell murder for you. Will report on it soon. The wife said something pretty cute today. 'Say,' she said, 'ain't Dr. Copeland running for Governor of New York?' When I told her he certainly was, she said: 'Well, he ought to poll a healthy vote! Pretty good, eh?'"

"I'm giving this to you free, but ask that you mail me \$11 Monday. I want to send some money to my cousin, Ima Bone, out in Ohio. She's got a guitar. By the way, a Scotch painter dropped a bucket of paint on an Irishman here today and it was yellow. Much excitement but could learn nothing."

AND NOW PERMIT US

To inform you that a photographer friend of ours says that whenever he wants a millionaire to smile for the camera he holds up a nickel.

About Plays and Players

WE would advise all readers to wait for the big show. John Joker Townsley of Newburgh is to do some entertaining at the Lexington Theatre to-morrow night—just why, we don't know—and Newburgh says he is a hum-dinger. This despatch from the town up the river, built on the slant:

"If Scotland can produce a Lauder, so can America produce a Townsley, with the assistance of Newburgh. That is the way Newburghers praise in speaking of John Joker Townsley, entertaining Scotch character in the night and parcel post carrier in the day. He appears on the stage of the Lexington Theatre, New York, Tuesday night, and it will be his first time to entertain a metropolitan audience. For four years he has entertained local audiences. Is a resident of Newburgh. Was employed by Newburgh Postoffice."

Gosh! Guess we'll have to go.

THE DOZEN TO BE THERE.

The fifty girls in the Dolly Dozen number, in "The Passing Show of 1922," at the Winter Garden, will appear at the opening of the National Physical Culture Exhibition, at Madison Square Garden next Monday night.

"They will all display symmetry of figure and much verve," says Joe Flynn. "The average chorus girl takes care of herself. I know, because I once had a *couple* with the Watson Beef Trust, and he told me so."

SHE'LL DESERT THE PIGS.

May Irwin, who has been a farm-servant for three or four years of No. 23

of the Thousand Islands, has heard the call of Art. She will be Mistress of Ceremonies for the 49ers when they put on their show at the Punch and Judy Theatre.

"I hate to leave the farm," says she; "but what is a pigpen compared to Art?"

WHERE THE MUSIC IS.

"Is there any music in this play?" asked a man at the Hudson box-office Saturday night, referring to "So This Is London."

"No, sir!" replied the affable treasurer, whatever that is. "There is no music in the play, but there is in the box-office. It is a song called 'The Jingle of the Silver in the Till.'"

At least Eddie Dunn asserts he said it and—listen—we'll take Eddie's word any time.

GOSSIP.

"The Insect" will open at Johnson's Theatre Oct. 25.

Mabel Withee will be a cricket in this play and Kenneth McKenna a poetic little butterfly.

Mme. Kousnezoff uses castanets 200 years old in the "Revue Russe" at the Booth.

Julius Lenzberg and his Riverside Orchestra will contribute a number on the stage that house next week.

Sig. Bonamino chief of the Metropolitan will have a box party to-night to see "The Lady in Ermine."

William Harcourt and Lawrence Eddinger have been engaged by Kilbourn Gordon for "Mad Cynthia."

Walter Albee, of Brooklyn, is a very happy person. George M. Cohan has agreed to read a play by Walter Arthur G. Deismeter has engaged

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



It's Right Around Camp!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

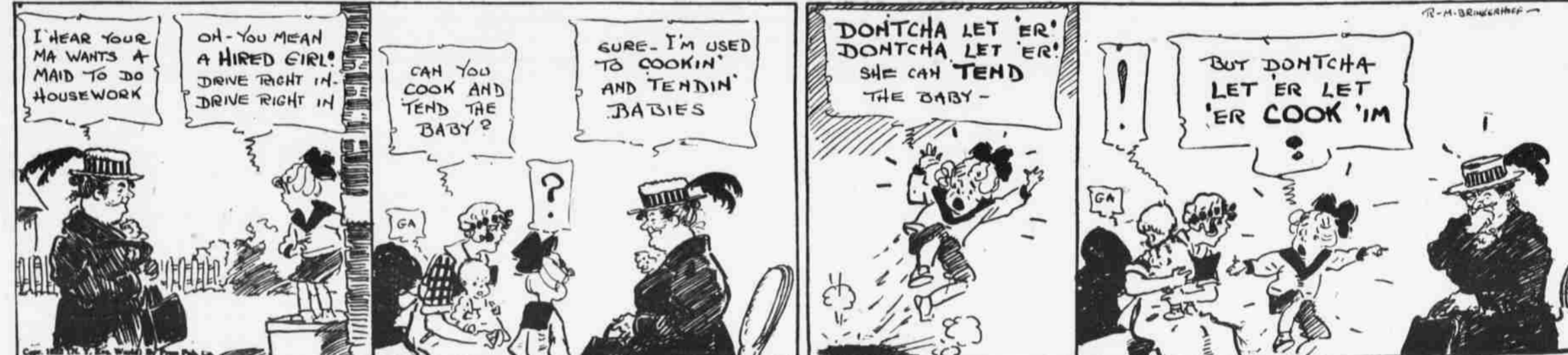
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Time to Put a Check to It!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



That Cooks the Cook!

FRITZI RITZ

She Deserved a Place at the Banker Convention!



KATINKA

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



For Once She Agreed With Him!

Lois Bolton for the leading role in his new play, "The Doorman."

Three hundred naval cadets will see "The Gingham Girl" after the Army-Navy football game Nov. 25.

The Young Folks' League of the

Krakauer Chastity Society will see "Abie's Irish Rose" to-night.

Fay Bainter has come to New York to attend the rehearsals of "The Last Warning," which is based on his

story, "The House of Fear."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A second-story man, according to Howard Hickman, is a fellow who

tells stories that have been told before.

FOOLISHMENT.

"Papa," said a little girl.

"Are you steeved to-night?"

"No, my dear," the man replied.

Much to her delight.

PUT IT IN THE ACT.

"Is Bangs, the baker, working?"

"No."

"I see—still loafing, eh?"

B. B.